Nov. 5th. 1895.

My Dear Ca,

Mary Samuels did not come and I can get the flues so desperately that I have got to fly round & your house & something will break. I feel so desperate this day & time about time to do what I hardly know what I am doing. I have worked very hard today at packing and unpacking

bunks. and I guess
I am in one of those
conditions when I should
swap if there was any
one to swap with.

I wonder if you are
tired too, darling,
it is selfish of me
to worry. come to you
with my troubles.

Don't forget, that
I love you, my own
sweetheart, sick or
well, tired or cheerful
that is the one thing
that never changes.

Your Loving
Sweetie under a cloud